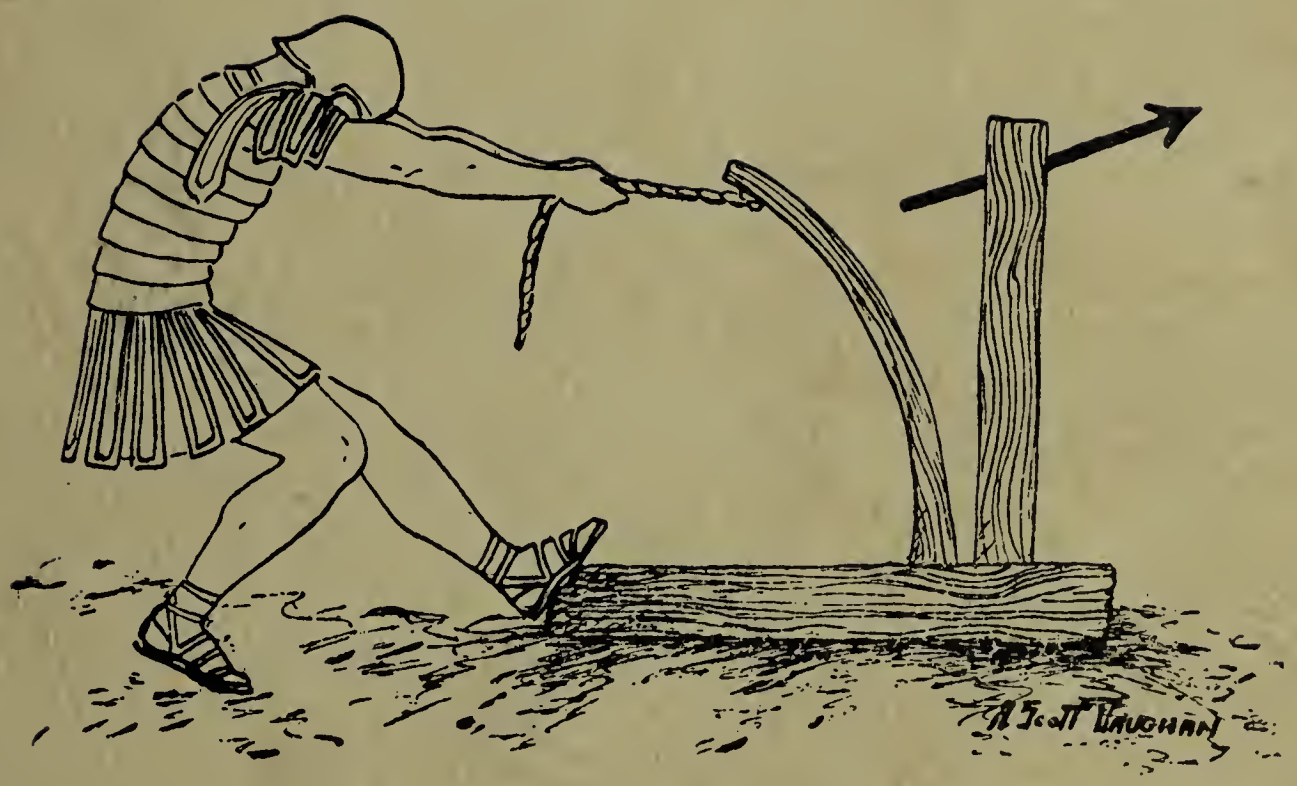
THE MISSILE



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

May, 1930

THE MISSILE P

Vol. XVIII. PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1930 No. 4

Members of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association"

Contents

		Page
Truth	Wilbur Brister	3
A Trip to the Power House	Nannie Pond	3
A Puppy	Harry Temple	5
For the Company	Van Holt Barker	6
Carnival	Louise Hawkins	10
Radio Pest	Peggy Giles	11
Cinquains:		
1. The Wind	Annie Scott Vaughan	12
2. A Tree in Bloom	Louise Hawkins	12
3. Braggarts	Marguerite Blue	12
4. Metaphysics	Earl Ellis	12
The Resolution	Dorothy Baxter	14
The Country Church	Louise Hawkins	17
Aristocratic Virginia	Margaret Friend	17
A Vision of Life	Eugene Farinholt	19
The Dance of Death	John Williamson	19
A Road	Helen Stephenson	22
Editorials		23
Little Missiles		26

Issued four times a year in November, January, March and May, by the Students of the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Petersburg, Virginia.

Subscription rates: 20 cents the copy; 40 cents the term; 80 cents the year.

EHS THE MISSILE EHS

Truth

By Wilbur Brister

I.

A massive mountain,
Towering above the sordid swamps and fens of
life,
Raises mankind to immortality.
Sentinel of the ages!
Her snow-capped summits, bathed in fleecy flood,
Will stand in their majestic solemnity
When Gibraltar's battlements crumble into dust
And slide into the sea.

II.

A snow-white lily
Arches her graceful neck
And implores the rising sun
To kiss away the tears of the night.
Then, lifting her head,
She stands forth in her spotless beauty,
To lighten the load of the weary
And soften the heart of the world.

A Trip to the Power House

By Nannie Pond

OUR teacher had promised an additional five points to those members of the class who should, during the study of Electricity, visit one of the power houses of the Virginia Electric and Power Company, and as at this time I badly needed an inflation of my decidedly unsatisfactory record, I made arrangements with a friend of mine to inspect that unit located one and one-half miles west of the city on the Appomattox river.

The sun was rejoicing in her growing power, and everything contributed to the making of a beautiful Sunday afternoon in May, when armed a kodak and two apples, we set forth to learn all about the power houses. I must confess that Science occupied a very small portion of our thoughts as we strolled along the railroad, stopping now and then to pick flowers or to gaze at some passer-by.

At length the tall flumes of the turbines could be seen across a deep ravine, so we hurried down a narrow path to the left, leading, as we thought, to the canal gates. A lovely path it was, winding now around a large rock and again changing its whole course to accommodate a dense growth of brambles, through which a tiny wren easily sped on his way home. As I went on, the thought came to my mind that if I worked at the electric plant, I should always like to come and return this way.

Suddenly the path ended, but no power house was here, no towering masts and humming lines proclaimed man's greatness, no smooth concrete walls held in check the stolen waters from the river below; but nestled in this little valley, nature had made for herself a boudoir, and feeling a sense of intrusion, I unconsciously stepped backward, until beckoned on, not by word or action, but just as assuringly as if some strong hand had been placed upon my shoulder, I reverently advanced and stood upon an old stone foundation to rejoice with her.

Here was beauty that I could not explain; the old stone pillars of the mill remained, and through a multitude of cracks in the dam above, the silver water playfully jumped to the moss-covered rocks below, only to swerve gracefully to a standstill by a large clump of reeds protecting a short brick wall. Gayly covered birds played in the endless network of wild grape vines hanging from the limbs of the trees, whose trunks were lost in a thicket of ferns and briars, and some thoughtless fisherman had left his pole sticking between a crevice in the crumbling masonry that had at some time supported the water gates. That which would have been anything but attractive in most places took on new charm here, and I struggled across a fallen log to take a picture of an old iron wheel lying against the opposite bank. Maybe it was because a feathered friend of my hostess had built her nest in the rusting hub, or possibly the wild flowers struggling up between the spokes had something to do with it.

After ineffectively trying to patch one of the holes with a bit of clay, I climbed to the top of the dam; the sun had taken on new splendor, and the clouds were smiling down on the still surface of the pond below, but in the old ruins I saw a different splendor, and written on those abandoned monuments was a lesson which I shall never forget: "Nature is a most forgiving mother." She knowingly smiles at man's thoughts, his mistakes, his feverish haste, and then takes to herself and adopts those forgotten stepping-stones in the old path of progress to comfort and relieve them in their declining years. They must be kindly treated for man will pass this way again and need them. Of our

deserted shells she builds her palace, and adorns herself with our discarded jewels.

When we had pulled ourselves away from the charms of this decaying factory, it was too late to visit the power house, so we eased our consciences by climbing up the steep bank to the other railroad and asking a passing man some questions about the place.

On the way home we spoke very little, and when my companion broke the silence by asking if I had noticed the way the insulators were fastened to those outdoor transformers, I dreamily replied, "What transformers?"

A Puppy

By Harry Temple

Hey, there! You rascal! What are you doing?
Let go my hat or I'll kill you!
Look there, you've ruined my ten dollar skimmer.
Do a thing like that, will you?

Come here this minute, you hard-headed
scoundrel!
Wait till I put some sense through you.
Get out from under that sofa, you hear me?
And take what you've got coming to you.

Ruining two hats, a coat, and a pillow,
Just when you've been here two days.
This is the last straw, I've stood all I'm gonna,
You tear things and don't care who pays.

Now that I've spanked you, go—and be careful.
No one wanted to harm you.
But, if you were I, I'm sure you'd agree
That some one has to reform you.

Don't look that way. I'm sorry I did it;
Go and play with Mary.
You cute little rascal. Sometimes I like you,
Why do you make us worry?

Look out there, puppy! Turn loose that curtain!
Now you've torn it, by heck.
Wait till I catch you, we'll see who pays
For making this house a wreck.

For the Company

By Van Holt Barker

FORTY years of continuous service! A record to be proud of, and you may be sure that William Hayes, now conductor on the Norfolk and Western's crack train, the "Pocahontas," was proud. Yes, doubly proud, for today he rounds out his forty years of service and today his own son, Patrick, takes the throttle of the "Pocahontas" for the first time.

Forty years ago today—to be exact, the twenty-first day of June, 1888—Bill Hayes first went to work as a wter-boy on a section gang for the N. & W. The intervening forty years have been years of hard work and steady advancement for "Big Bill," as he is known to his buddies. For ten years he had piloted "Old 777," and only because of defective vision was he transferred to the "Pocahontas" as conductor.

With the characteristic feeling of fellowship common to all railroad men, Bill's co-workers planned a big celebration to be held in his honor. Pat was there and so were Bill's wife and only daughter, Janice. It is sufficient to say that the affair was a great success and to judge from the look of gratitude on "Big Bill's" face, the railroad boys knew that their efforts had been greatly appreciated. However, that was not all, for in the midst of the celebration, there came a warm message of congratulation from the president of the company. Having read the message with a deep sense of pleasure, "Big Bill" stood up and led the company in three rousing cheers for the N. & W.

If every employe of the road had had as much profound respect and devotion to his company, the big walk-out of 1911 would never have occurred. To Bill, the N. & W. was always right; if the wages were reduced, "There's a good reason for it. It won't last long. We'll soon get an increase. Just give the company a chance, and she'll come through," he would counsel his dissatisfied fellow-laborers.

The following morning at 6:02, the "Pocahontas" slid away from the palatial Union Station at Columbus, Ohio, bound for Norfolk, Va. At the throttle was Pat, happy as a lark and whistling like one too. Back in the coaches, the congenial Bill was smilingly collecting tickets. Every time the whistle blew, "Big Bill" would swell with pride. "My own boy, Pat, is running this, the finest train on the line. Begorra! It sure makes me feel good . . . . . ," etc., he would think to himself as the train sped over the rails at "sixty per."

At sixty Bill seemed to be living a new life. He was right

up-to-the-minute on every question of national importance and was probably the best read man in the division.

Aviation appealed greatly to him, and he was often seen at the airport getting first-hand information on the newest innovations in that line. He had been up several times, and as he remarked to a friend, "The greatest ambition of my life is to go across the continent via the air."

On May 1, 1929, the Norfolk and Western Railroad announced the beginning of a transcontinental air-rail service. Passengers were to travel by plane during the day and by train at night. This would cut the time required to cross the continent by at least two days.

"Hey! You fellows, get an eyeful of this!" shouted "Big Bill" as he rushed into the lobby of the railroad Y. M. C. A. The N. & W.'s taken to the air," and he held up a copy of the air service announcement.

"Razzberry!" retorted "Biff" Dugan. "Just a lot of publicity. It'll never get started."

"Sez you! Why you cross-eyed, knock-kneed, bow-legged son of a sea cook, old N. &. W. never slings hooey. Of course it will be started, and I'm going to be one of the first passengers. I'll tell you all about it when I get back. I wouldn't be surprised if that kid of yours, who is always building model airplanes, would be pilot of one of the tri-motored transport planes on the transcontinental circuit. He can at least look ahead a bit, which is more than you can do."

True to his word, Bill was one of the first passengers to board the train at Norfolk, Virginia, for the first leg of the transcontinental air-rail trip which was to mean so much to him.

The trip from Norfolk to Columbus was "old stuff" to Bill, and he slept most of the way. Early the next morning the passengers were taken to the municipal airport where they boarded a tri-motored Ford transport plane. With all three Wright Whirlwinds beating out a loud song of power, the giant plane rose from the ground after a short run and headed due west. This was Bill's first trip in a tri-motored plane, and he remarked to a fellow-passenger as they were soaring 5,000 feet above the green fields below, "This is the life! It makes you feel just as if you were floating in space supported on some magic carpet."

Bill's favorite pastime was playing checkers, so he always carried with him a folding checkerboard and some checkers. Therefore it was not so strange to see Bill and a fellow-passenger engaged in playing what was probably the first aerial game of

checkers while speeding through the air at over one hundred and thirty miles an hour. As usual, Bill won.

Among the ever-to-be-remembered features of that day in the air were the eating of dinner while still aloft and the passing of the first east-bound air transport of the new line.

At 7:45 that night the plane glided to a landing at the municipal airport at Kansas City, Missouri. The passengers were then rushed to the station to catch the westbound train which was to carry them to Salt Lake City.

It was almost nine o'clock the next morning when the train came to a stop at Salt Lake City, Utah. At 9:30 the passengers were again seated in a huge transport plane speeding towards San Francisco, California.

The pilot of the ship put it into a steady climb so as to have plenty of altitude while crossing the Rocky Mountains. The view from the plane was so beautiful as to strike Bill dumb—a thing which seldom happened.

It was dark when the plane arrived over San Francisco whose airport was plainly visible due to the elaborate flood lights and beacons installed there. After circling the airport so as to head back into the wind, the pilot set the plane down gently and taxied to the hangar.

"That's what I call speed! Across the continent in two days. What would Buffalo Bill say if he had been with us?" Bill asked his friend of the checker game as they rode to the hotel, where they were to spend the night.

"I have never enjoyed a trip as much in all my life," his friend answered. "From now on I'll be bored to death as long as I'm on the ground."

After traveling over California for a week, Bill boarded an eastbound plane and two days later was back in Norfolk ready to make his run on the "Pocahontas."

For weeks afterwards Bill did nothing but talk about his trip and tell of the glorious future of aviation.

The Norfolk & Western's mail contract with the U. S. Post Office ran out January 1, 1930. The route from Norfolk to Columbus was being contested this year by the Chesapeake and Mississippi Railroad, which had constructed a branch to Norfolk from Richmond. The decision of the Post Office Department would rest with the company which could make the trip in the least time and with the greatest regularity of service.

The Government Inspectors were to inspect the N. & W.'s facilities for the service on December 1, 1929. The N. & W. was going to have the "Pocahontas" as her bid for the contract.

On November 17, Bill received a letter offering him $5,000 if he could in some way so delay the 'Pocahontas' on the first of December as to lose for the N. & W. the mail contract for the route between Norfolk and Columbus. The letter was not signed but gave an address in Richmond to which he was to write before the twenty-fifth of November if he would attempt to do the task.

"Five thousand dollars," mused Bill after reading the letter, "and that $3,000 note coming due December 1 and me with nothing to pay it. Five thousand dollars just for holding a train back a while. No one will suspect me. But . . . No! I shan't! I couldn't sell old N. & W. just for a few dollars. I'll see to it that the 'Pocahontas' makes such good time that those inspectors will hold their breath. The idea! I'm ashamed of myself for even thinking of doing such a thing against the company that has cared for me these forty-two years!"

So it happened that on the first day of December the "Pocahontas" went from Norfolk to Columbus in such record time as to win the admiration of the inspectors aboard. "She averaged sixty-seven miles an hour, which is a record for mail trains of her type. You may rest assured that the N. & W. will get the contract. Chesapeake and Mississippi averaged only sixty miles per hour last Monday, so it seems you'll pilot the U. S. Mail for another five years," said the chief inspector to Pat at the end of the run which secured for the Norfolk & Western Railway the U. S. Mail contract.

The note came due the same day the "Pocahontas" won the contract, but Bill didn't have the money.

"If I'd only taken that offer. No! Let the house go! I couldn't have done a thing like that. I'd rather lose everything then do anything against the N. & W.," thought Bill to himself as he finished signing the papers which meant the loss of his home.

By careful economy the family was able to rent a small home and get along fairly well. Bill seemed to have aged considerably since the loss of his home and didn't seem to be the same "Big Bill" who had always been so cheerful. However, he stuck to his work and managed to keep his little family together.

"What's wrong with Bill? He acts like he's sick or something. He hasn't asked me to play him a game of checkers in over a month. I certainly hope the old boy isn't sick," remarked one of his fellow-railroaders to a group standing nearby.

"Somebody said he had some hard luck. Lost his home or something like that. Poor fellow! And he worked so hard to

get a home for his people. I'm afraid he's 'most worried to death," added another of Bill's buddies. Just then the whistle blew, and they all returned to their jobs.

Then came the shock. For the first time in twenty years (except during vacation) "Big Bill" failed to report for duty. It was rumored about the roundhouse that he was sick, but as no one seemed to know what the matter was, the men soon forgot it, thinking that he had probably taken another "airplane ride."

But Bill would never take another airplane ride. A bad cold had developed into pneumonia, and with his bodily resistance greatly weakened by worry, Bill fell a prey to the disease. The best of medical aid was summoned, but it was too late. Bill was slipping fast, and about nine o'clock at night the end came. He died with the words, "Thank God! I didn't do it," on his lips. No one knew what the words meant, but it didn't lessen the general grief occasioned by the passing of "Big Bill."

They buried him in the churchyard near his old country home, and his railroad brothers had a stone erected over his grave bearing the following simple inscription:

WILLIAM CLARK HAYES
1868-1930
"He Was a Friend to His Fellowman."

Carnival

By Louise Hawkins

Gayest of folk in a glittering throng
Jostling each other and dancing,
Filling the streets with laughter and song,
Now is the time for romancing!

Gaudy colors on brilliant display,
Dazzling the eye with their brightness,
Queen costumes in comic array,
And streamers of airy lightness.

Fairest flotillas roll merrily through,
Bearing their beautiful queens;
Nymphs and fairies and mermaids too
Revel midst magical scenes.

Never a worry under the sun,
Never a hope to fall,
Just heeding the urge for mischief and fun,
Hidden somewhere in us all.

Radio Pest

By Peggy Giles

ASIDE from being very ornamental and pleasant, a radio can at times be very annoying indeed. When one's bedroom is directly over a room accommodating one of the things, one learns what is meant by "radio pest." There is no pest like the radio pest. That you will learn when you lie in bed after a strenuous day and concentrate all your thoughts upon one point—sleep. Blessed, blessed sleep! Only to sleep! But there's that infernal box of static belowstairs. Now it bellows forth a jazz hit—the jazz is turned off and the static rolls in, rumble-humble-spitzz-wheeeeee! Galli-Curci (no bouquets for Galli now—only brickbats) with treble "a-ah-a's"—a negro comedy team—an old-fashioned square dance—a political talk—some monster wielding the last of all musical instruments, the saw (heavens deliver us!) a rapid succession of what-not! How could a person sleep, even under chloroform, with that inferno beneath him?

We try resting the left ear on the pillow, then the right. Stretching out at full length upon the back, we stuff the cover around our ears. We almost suffocate, and despair of the idea of muffling the sound. We turn and shuffle about, but in no way can we be comfortable. Then, ready to tear our hair and bite two-penny nails in twain, we rush to the head of the stairs.

"Sis, please cut that down." (How wildly we speak, and how wild we feel!)

No answer, but the roar below tones down and becomes softer. In bed again, the pillow becomes knotty and we throw it down to the foot of the bed, thinking optimistically that it's better to sleep without a pillow anyhow. We stretch out, cross the hands on the chest and close the eyes, relaxing. Settled! Yes? No! The tossing begins anew. (The radio is "doing it's derndest" again). We think of pleasant things—of an "island" floating among the clouds, fragrant with flowers and silver-gated at the entrance. (A very marvelous picture when one is trying to go to sleep). Ever since I can remember, indeed, that has been my resort to sleep. The lovely isle among white, puffy clouds. It has no trees; but indeed the lilies themselves are so tall, with stalks so green, that they supply an abundance of shade. The method is simple. Merely focus your thoughts upon the isle and go to sleep. But not while a radio is threatening! No use!

From the top of the staircase in an overtaxed voice: "Please, Sis, cut it off. Cut it off, I say! We're all in bed up here."

Two or three minutes we wait breathlessly, and sense scowls from the two below. The radio continues for another five minutes, but we do not dare to say anything more.

Then, from below, a click—and silence!

And then they wonder why heads turn gray overnight!

Cinquains

I.
The Wind
By Annie Scott Vaughan

The trees
Are straining away
As the wind, with all its passion
And violence, sweeps them up in a fierce
Embrace.

* * * *

II.
A Tree in Bloom
By Louise Hawkins

A tree
O'erlad'n with blooms
Is Spring's first gift to earth,
A fair bouquet to brighten up
Her frock.

* * * *

III.
Braggarts
By Marguerite Blue

Boxes,
Gayly wrapped,
In silver tissue and ribbons
That, stripped off, leave boxes that
Are empty.

* * * *

IV.
Metaphysics
By Earl Ellis

DISEASE—
An old hag,
Smoking a pipe,
Spitting in the fire,
Awaiting a chance to scratch out
One's eyes.

FEAR—

A lion,
Loudly snarling,
As hungrily he devours
His meat, lest someone take it away
From him.

SIN—

A wolf,
Gaunt and thin,
Is ceaselessly prowling about
In order to search out someone to
Destroy.

GREED—

A river,
Water and mud,
Rushing past the banks;
Heeding nothing, it tears onward
To the sea.

LOVE—

A robe
Of white ermine,
Downy, soft, and warm,
That lulls the happy mind to sleep
In joy.

LUST—

A serpent
Is lying beneath
The robe of white ermine
Awaiting cunningly for the time
To strike.

JOY—

A nymph
With silver laugh
Is dancing in the dell.
She sees the beauty 'round her and
Is glad.

The Resolution

By Dorothy Baxter

IT WAS a quiet and balmy night in early fall, and Dan Sterling was thoroughly enjoying his late walk home. An observer would hardly have thought that he was thinking about what a beautiful night it was, for Dan seemed to be thinking only of keeping himself in the shadows as much as possible, and looking back as if he expected to see someone following him. The observer could not guess that Dan was almost unconscious of these actions, and that they had become a habit with him on all his walks at night.

A street lamp dimly revealed that Dan was a tall, slender, almost handsome young man of about twenty-eight years of age. By glancing at him a person would notice that his eyes had a hard look in them, and that his mouth was set in a stern line. Upon closer examination, however, one would receive the impression that his eyes did not always look hard, and that the sternness of his mouth often vanished in a good-natured smile.

Stopping before a large, dark rooming house, Dan glanced behind him once more, then entered the house and went up to his room on the second floor.

"What tha heck—?" Dan exclaimed suddenly, for he had stumbled over something which was on the floor before the door of his room.

He quickly unlocked the door, switched on the lights, and bent to examine the object.

It was a basket, and sleeping peacefully in it was a baby.

Uttering an incredulous exclamation, Dan at first drew back in surprise; then picking up the basket gently, he carried it into his room. It was then that he saw a note pinned to the baby's clothes and addressed to himself. Opening it he read:

"Dear Mr. Sterling:

I have found that I can support my baby no longer. My husband died a few months ago, and you are the only one I know to whom I can turn for help. I know that you will keep and love him as if he were your own.

A Sad Mother."

Pity, amazement, and dismay registered alternately on Dan's face. Then with a shrug of seeming contempt, he made a quick survey of the contents of the basket. In doing so, he awakened the baby. Large brown eyes looked into his; small baby fingers caught his own, and a smile dimpled the little cherub face.

Something happened in the heart of Dan Sterling. He sud-

denly crushed the baby in his arms, muttering, "You little devil!"

Early the next morning Dan sought his landlady, and after explaining as briefly as possible the circumstances under which Tommy had come to him, it was arranged between them that the motherly lady would care for the baby until she could find a suitable nurse for him.

After Dan had left, his landlady looked at the baby with tears of pity in her eyes. She thought it was such a pity that the life of an innocent child should come under the influence of a lawless man like Dan Sterling.

Years passed, and little Tommy had had his seventh birthday. He was a remarkably bright and lovable child and had entwined himself around the hearts of his adopted father and his nurse. Dan came and went, but when he was at home, he and the boy were inseparable. Dan had forbidden the nurse ever to say anything to the boy about the way his uncle made his living.

A short time after his seventh birthday, the quiet and happiness of Tommy's life were interrupted.

One night there was a rap at the door, and Dan stepped into the hall, closing the door behind him. After a few minutes the door opened and he stepped back into the room, followed by two uniformed men. Dan's face had become pale and haggard. He went directly to Tommy, who was playing on the floor.

"Are you going to go off and leave me, Danny?" Tommy asked, taking Dan's hand.

Dan dropped to one knee beside the boy and forced a smile, answering, "Yes, Danny's got to go away for awhile. He is coming back just as soon as he can, but while he is gone, you be good and mind Nanny like a good boy, will you?"

"Yes," Tommy answered, "but hurry and come back, 'cause I get lonesome when you leave me, Danny."

Dan swallowed, gave the boy a quick hug and went to talk with Nanny, the nurse.

They talked a few minutes with the policemen standing guard.

"I'll get at least three years," Dan was saying. "I want you to promise that you will never tell the kid where I really am. Let him think that I'm on a business trip, and let him write to me. Will you promise?"

"I promise, Mr. Dan. I hope you won't have to be gone that long, though."

"I'm afraid I will. Here is enough money to last for a good while, and I'll see that you have more." Dan pulled a roll of bills from his pocket and gave most of it to the nurse.

Without seeing the boy again, he left the house.

During the years in prison that followed, Dan had plenty of time to think deeply. He came to the conclusion that it was useless to continue living as he had been, in constant fear of arrest. He realized that he was taking a respectable home and name away from Tommy. He could not hope to keep his secret from the boy always. He resolved that he would devote the rest of his life to making up to Tommy what he had taken from him.

During the first year of imprisonment there were many little scribbled letters from Tommy begging Dan to hurry home. There were letters from him during the second year, but they were not as frequent as they had been at first. They stopped coming altogether during the third year.

Dan could not understand why Tommy had ceased writing his loving little letters, and he was very much worried.

The news that he was to be released six months before his three years were up was very welcome to him. He felt that he had to get out and find out what had happened to Tommy.

At last he was free, and Dan hastened to find the nurse.

He thought that she looked a little uneasy and startled at sigh of him, but she left at once to go look for Tommy. She was gone quite a while, and for some reason Dan began to feel uneasy.

When Nanny returned the boy was with her. He remained by her side, however, and looked at Dan as if he were a stranger.

Dan was shocked. "Why, Tommy," he cried, "aren't you glad to see me?"

Tommy looked down at his feet and did not answer.

"Tommy, what is the matter? You haven't forgotten Danny, have you?" cried Dan. He was holding the boy's face between his two hands, forcing him to look at him.

"I don't want to live with you any more. You are a jailbird, and I don't love you anymore!" the boy said in a clear voice.

Dan's hands dropped. He was surprised and stunned. He looked accusingly at Nanny and started to speak, but changed his mind. Perhaps he had better go now and have no more to say. Maybe Tommy would be better off without him.

"All right, then. Good-bye," he muttered resignedly, and he left the room.

He was opening the hall door when a small figure threw itself against it, closing it again.

"Don't go, Danny! Don't go!" Tommy was crying. He threw his arms about Dan and held him as tightly as he possibly could. "Nanny made me say that! I do love you, and I do want to live with you forever and ever!"

The Country Church

By Louise Hawkins

As the flaming sun begins to hide
  Behind the hills to the west,
On the steps of a little country church,
  A stranger stops to rest.
His toils are many, his hopes are few,
He is tired, discouraged and lonely too.

The door of the chapel is open to all
  Who are seeking solace there;
And now the stranger steps within,
  Breathing a silent prayer.
The last bright ray of the sun reveals
The altar where the wanderer kneels.

As in the gathering shades of dusk
  He journeys on his way,
His hopes are high! His soul is free
  From sorrow and dismay;
And in his heart he blesses still
That little church, and always will.

Aristocratic Virginia

By Margaret Friend

ALTHOUGH there are many cases of insanity in every state in the Union yearly due to the "antique craze," yet it seems that people in Virginia have it the worst of all. Maybe it's because every person in Virginia claims to be descended from one of the original Jamestown settlers or from Pocahontas and they want something definite to prove that statement. But anyway, they're practically all crazy.

Perhaps someone would have an old table or chair that her great, great, great, great, grandfather is said to have inherited from Captain John Smith (and of course the silly thing would believe it) and she would become so wrapped up in it, showing it to visitors and being complimented on it that she decides she would like to have more. So she buys more and that's where the trouble begins! In a month or two the poor old thing's locked up in a padded cell and we all think how pitiful she is, when in reality if we had a start, we would do the very same thing.

One time I walked into an old lady's home and seated myself

in a huge comfortable-looking old chair in the parlor. No sooner had I sat down than the back automatically fell off and I gracefully turned a somersault backwards, skinning myself up very successfully. I immediately replaced the back and just in time, for the lady appeared at that moment. Not having any place to rest my weary back and fearing to touch any other part of the article, I sat bolt upright, in misery, the rest of my visit. How I hate antiques!

Everywhere you go along the roadside there are signs reading "Antiques For Sale" and people break their necks to buy one of those crazy contraptions called spinning wheels. Why in the world don't people buy pretty new modern things and then if somebody absolutely must have the "antique bug" let their great, great grandchildren?

And speaking of portraits, in my mind nothing can be more deceitful than a picture of your aristocratic great uncle or grandfather on the wall. One day I went to see a newcomer that had just moved to town and noticed a beautiful portrait hanging on the wall. I thought it looked rather familiar, but thought no more of it. Later I found out that the newcomer had had a portrait of King Edward made over with her family features emphasized instead of his and had it beautifully framed and called it her great grandfather. I gave up! Some people are just born that way.

There are many folks up North who have very vague, peculiar ideas about life in Virginia. Where they get these impossible ideas, I do not know. I suppose it's because they have read these thrilling, heart-breaking romances about the beautiful southern belles, the gallant young gentlemen and the savage, scalping Indians with their horrible war whoops, or perhaps the huge plantations with idle darkies strumming on their banjos in the twilight.

Once I heard of a girl from Boston who was eager to come down to Virginia to school. She did and when she arrived she was the most disillusioned, heart-broken girl you could imagine. When asked the matter, she said that she expected to find huge plantations with Indians prowling about in the forests and all she could see was skyscrapers, automobiles, street cars, etc., just as it was where she came from. Those silly romantic dreamers!

Most folks have the idea that Virginians are the aristocratic, reserved, old-fashioned people that they were two hundred years ago, but they are sadly mistaken. Virginia is just as up-to-date as any other place on earth, if not more so, except for the fact

that people still insist on filling up their homes with hopeless antiques, while in conversation their only topics are their ancestors and their family trees. Except for that, most Virginians are quite sane.

A Vision of Life

By Eugene Farinholt

Before the huge gray logs of oak
  And the brightly gleaming andirons of brass,
A young lad sits and watches the smoke
  As it pours through the chimney—a thick,
    black mass.
He falls asleep on his mother's knee.
From worry and trouble his light heart is free.

Before the glowing embers of gold
  The youth reposes deep in thought.
He thinks not of those days of old—
  Nor of the fortune that fate has wrought,
But only of what some fair day may bring—
When his heart may be happy and willing to sing.

Amidst those smoldering ashes of oak
  A faint light threatens to flicker away.
Before them an old man continues to smoke,
  For each night brings still one more day.
He sits and recalls every boyhood event
Till the light of the last golden ember is spent.

The Dance of Death

By John Williamson

WE HAD been conducting experiments in the properties of several poisonous gases, James, Malcolm, George and I. It was a drizzly winter day, and the wind was whistling past the walls of the laboratory with a low moan; the illumination was so poor that it was necessary to turn on the electric lights. At the time at which this story opens we were experimenting with a gas formed by a combination of two aniline series with a radical of the mathane group, a rather interesting combination, such as I believe has never been duplicated. We were heating a mixture of compounds in a retort when suddenly

an explosion occurred. The room was filled with a mass of swirling violet vapors which, with the semi-darkness outside, gave to the room and tables a ghastly appearance that fitted in well with our thoughts and emotions at such a time, for well we knew there was hardly a chance that any of the four occupants of that room should live to see the light of another day. The sight of our pale faces, as we stood silently amidst the long wafts of blue haze that hung around our shoulders is a picture that will remain forever fixed in my mind.

We filed out of that awful chamber without so much as saying a word to one another, our faces grimly set with the thought of approaching death. We went into the rest room nearby and sat down around the table there. I was facing the rest of them —they seemed so quiet—almost as quiet as death itself as they looked at me; I wondered if they were, like myself, guessing which of us would go first. There was no inclination in any of us to go for aid; we all knew that no doctor that ever lived could save us; our life or death rested in the hands of God. James was the first to go; he died quietly, almost without a sound, and slumped out of his chair on to the floor. Malcolm followed him with a little gasp as he fell (it is remarkable how such small details remain in the mind), and only George and I were left. Then he went down, his eyes fixed on me even in death; I remember that I saw his eyes staring at me until they disappeared beneath the edge of the table, and God, how they stared!

Night was falling, there was no sound except the sighing of the wind, and I was left alone with the dead men in the room. Why I did not die is beyond my comprehension, but I was left to recount the horrors of that awful affair. I tried to rise and go; I tried to cry out, but I could not. It was as if some mighty power had come and bound me to that chair that I might see the playlet that it was to enact; and so I sat, a half-dead man among the dead, and listened to the silence and the wind.

Complete darkness had come, but that death room was lighted with an unearthly light as if some supernatural being hovered near. An awful terror was growing on me that was greatly increased by my physical helplessness. I sensed that some ghastly event was in the making—the very feeling was in the air—and yet I could not move or speak. Some intellect greater than mine seemed to possess the floor; a dark and unseen danger lurked behind every thought. I would have given my very soul to have moved one muscle, but soul or no soul, I was forced to remain there. Above the moaning of the wind I heard the sound of something moving on the floor; in an instant one of the corpses

seemed to rise to its feet. It could not have come up propelled by its own muscles, for during the whole process it remained perfectly stiff as if someone had run a wire down its backbone, and appeared to be raised as if some force had taken hold of it by the shoulders and had pushed the upper part of its body up from the floor. It was a terrible sight when the face of that thing came into view; the glassy, protruding eyes fixed at the ceiling, the pale, waxy face with the teeth bared in a horrible grin of death, such as one sees on examining the features of a skull, made such an awful sight that I shudder now to think of it. The thing and its grisly face sickened me, and yet I dared not look away; I felt that if I did it might spring and get me, so I simply sat and looked at it, and it stood and gazed at me with its fixed eyes. Suddenly another of those awful creatures appeared from beneath the table edge; it brought to me the same sensations as its compatriot had done as it stood there staring at me. This suspense was becoming terrific; I desired above all things that something might happen, but nothing did. They only stood there silently until their third companion had joined them.

Even then they only stood. Six dead eyes looking into two live ones, and I wondered what the dead ones saw that made them look so long. Not a sound (even the wind had stopped); not even so much as a tiny creak. I felt as if my mind would break; I tried to look away from that gaze, but to my great horror I found that I could not. We must have stayed like that for hours with not so much as the softest sound; only the dead men's eyes and mine were all that were left in the world.

They must have stood there for at least three hours; it seemed like an eternity to me, when I noticed a slight motion of their bodies. It was at first only a very slight swaying, such as one notices in trees during a light breeze; then it gradually increased until all three of the corpses seemed to move in a horrible fantasy of a waltz. 'Tis certain that they waltzed, but how they waltzed! They danced as if some one had passed a rope under their arm pits and tied them up to dry; they seemed more like skeletons than like men with their awful grins, and their staring eyes, and their horribly loose joints. Even as they danced, they stared at me. Back and forth across the floor, back and forth, back and forth; but always staring at me, always, always. Oh, Lord! Why did they? All through that awful night they danced; always staring at me, never stopping, and I always staring back at them.

At length blessed morning came, and as the light of the rising sun slowly flooded the room, the dead men, one by one, dropped

back upon the floor. As I was leaning on the table waiting for some aid to come, I drowsed off, and suddenly I felt a severe pain in my right shin. I opened my eyes and found myself groping around in the darkness of my room; I had been walking in my sleep. I often wonder as I think over this horrible nightmare, just what I in reality must have been engaged in when those dead men were dancing around the room.

A Road

By Helen Stephenson

A road
Is a ribbon, stretching on
In its own irregular way, leading me
To the land of the unknown.
For miles it extends in a straight line, obvious
And sometimes dull; then, it bends and knots
Like a satin ribbon lying carelessly
On the counter in a store, each end
Concealed from the eager fingers which try
To measure and cut it.
So my road runs on and carefully keeps from me
Any hint of ending, and this makes my eager feet
Long to follow its mystic course.

EDITORIALS

The Staff

EDITOR
Willis Wills

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Virginia Hamilton
Edith Atkins Pfeiffer
Helen Bell
Margaret Friend

ATHLETIC EDITOR
R. Bolling Cameron

BUSINESS MANAGER
Mason Pilcher

ASSO. BUSINESS MANAGERS
Julian Beckwith
Anna Louise Moore

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Joe Boswell

ART STAFF
Oliver Rudy
Annie Vaughan
Alvin Sherertz

FACULTY ADVISER
Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.

Why Not?

AGAIN the "Missile" has come out on top! For the second time it has won first place in the Columbia Scholastic Press contest! This contest includes publications from all over the United States and has the schools classified according to the size of their student bodies. P. H. S. is in Class C, which includes schools having from five hundred to one thousand pupils. It is indeed an honor if your magazine places in this contest, but when it takes first place it gives your school considerable prestige.

Only the first two issues of the "Missile" were sent to Columbia, so we heartily congratulate the staff which published them.

This year the "Missile" has received very little support from the school at large, but we hope that since it won first place at Columbia the pupils will come to life and stand behind their magazine next year. We know through experience how hard it is to issue a publication which the school does not support, so for the sake of the next staff we urge the pupils to give the "Missile" all the help possible and to show some real cooperation.

Our magazine is the one activity in our school which is nationally known. It is the school's only activity which "puts it on the

map." We are not knocking our athletic and debating teams, for we are justly proud of them, but we must admit that outside the state they have never been heard of. Suppose the football team won a national championship, would this team be supported? "It most certainly would," you say! Then why not support the "Missile" which has taken first place twice, second place twice, and third place once in the Columbia Scholastic Press contest?

—W. W.

* * * *

More Freedom at Recess

Recess time is always welcomed by everybody—even the teachers. It breaks the monotony of the class periods, it gives us a chance to get some fresh air, and last, but not least, it gives us some time to eat. Near the end of the third period almost everybody is heard complaining of an empty feeling. Any visitor who should happen to come in just as the second bell, at the end of the third period, is rung, would think that there was a fire somewhere judging from the way everybody rushes up and down the steps through the halls. Of course it's great to have a half hour hanging on your hands, but it seems that we could be allowed a little more freedom. For instance, if our parents, or anybody that happens to be neither a student or teacher, comes on the school grounds at recess, we are not allowed to speak to them until permission is first obtained from the office.

Another thing that seems rather hard is the fact that although you may live within a block or two of the school, you are not allowed to go home to lunch. Of course the food in the cafeteria is very good, but everyone knows that a meal at home is enjoyed much more. Pupils who live even within a block or two of the school have to bring their lunches or buy lunch at the cafeteria. It seems that this could be remedied as the Junior High School pupils who live within five blocks of the school are allowed to go home to lunch. If such a system is successful in the Junior High, why shouldn't it be successful in the Senior High?

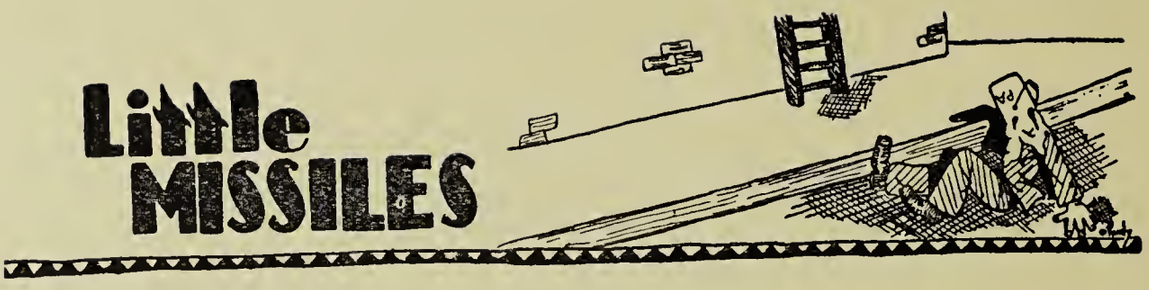
In regard to smoking there is not quite so much to be said. True, many of the boys at the school should not smoke. They are not old enough and are not fully developed. A great many of the boys, however, are fully deevloped and there is nothing which should keep them from smoking except the fact that it is against the rules of the school.

It has never been tried in the High School, but we should like

to suggest that the pupils be allowed to leave the school grounds at recess. It is tried in a great many places. The pupils could go home or go down town, whichever they wish to do, and could come back in time for the fourth period. The teachers would possibly say that the pupils would never come back after recess. We agree that it would take a little time to establish such a system, but a few demerits would soon keep the pupils from being late to their classes after recess.

We realize that all these good things can not be attained, but we wish that we might be allowed a little more freedom at recess.

—V. W. H.



Mr. Freas (perched on his desk in 4H Class): "Lots of times angels sit on tombstones just as I am."

* * * *

Motor Cop to Mr. Thompson: "So you saw the accident, sir? What was the license number of the car that ran over the man?"

Mr. Thompson: "I can't recollect the exact number of the license, but I do remember noticing that if the number were multiplied by 50, the cube root of the product, plus one-half the multiplicand would be equal to twice the sum of the digits reversed."

* * * *

Mr. Freas: "Any High School Senior who cannot repeat such an important quotation as 'To do or not to do, that is the question' is a positive fool."

* * * *

Mr. Powers (in English Class): "The London roads and streets were very narrow in those days and there wasn't enough room for people to park as we do these days."

* * * *

Writing Poetry

By Harry Temple

To write a poem is a thing that I fear;
  Why write this stuff so dread?
It would be very fine and be very great,
  If we could write prose instead.

At first I was mad at the thought of verse,
  But now my heart has sunk
In pity for the teacher who gallantly wades
  Up to his ears in our junk.

* * * *

Teacher: "If I saw you beating a donkey and stopped you, what virtue would I be showing?"

Bright Pupil: "Brotherly love!"

* * * *

Mr. Nims (just before dismissing class): "Everybody turn around square in your seats, facing the front. I'll be standing

in the back of the room and when you see me nod my head you may go, but not before."

* * * *

Father: "What is the one big difference between the flea and the elephant?"

Son: "Well, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants."

* * * *

Mr. Nims (seriously): "If you all would go out some night and look at the sky, you would probably see Orion. It appears just about midnight. Oh! but—that's right. I forgot—I don't guess any of you have ever been up that late."

* * * *

Mr. Freas (reading in French class): "You must pay attention to me—."

Johnny Goodwin, just waking up: "I was paying attention."

* * * *

The High School Romeo

By Louise Hawkins

My bashful beau won't look at me;
He blushes so each time I pass,
I'm just as worried as I can be—
My bashful beau won't look at me.
His timidness is sad to see,
And when he comes into the class,
My bashful beau won't look at me—
He blushes so each time I pass.

* * * *

Miss Guerrant: "What are political fences?"

Bright Pupil: "They are the railings around political platforms."

* * * *

John Leigh (in Civics Class): "Miss Guerrant, how did people stay on earth before Newton passed the law of gravity?"

* * * *

Sarg (addressing Chemistry Class): "You all are just about as dumb as some of these teachers around here!"

* * * *

Man: "So little fellow, your girl stammers, eh what?"

Little Boy: "'Yea—but you don't notice it 'cept when she talks!"

Sarg: "Can you tell me a thing of importance that didn't exist one hundred years ago?"

Ben Campbell: "Me!"

* * * *

Disillusionment

By Alberta Alperin

I met him at a dance!
I thought I had reached the utmost pinnacle
Of bliss.
This must be heaven—
Earth could never be so fair.
I, who scoffed at others' talks of joy,
Defended myself with the age-old excuse,
"But he is different!"
We danced together all the night
And I, the envy of my friends, knew perfect
Happiness.
I dreamed of him that night.
Would that I were dreaming yet! For oh—
I blush to write it,
Morning saw my hero, delivering—
My breakfast grapefruit!

* * * *

"Do you know how to make an Englishman happy in his old age?"

"How?"

"Tell him a joke when he is young."

* * * *

Husband: "They say that the Japanese still continue their custom of removing their shoes before entering the house."

Wife: "Yes, that custom is also very popular in this house after midnight."

* * * *

He: "I've had a clear field with her lately."

Another He: "Well, give me a nice warm parlor this time of year."

* * * *

Why men like silent pictures better: Because they can go and see women open their mouths but can't hear them talk.

* * * *

Pee Wee (in Chemistry Class): "Sarg, where do fleas go in winter?"

Sarg: "Search me!"

That Guilty Feeling

By Wilma G. Welch

"Pretend you're sick," Temptation cried.
I did and knew that I had lied.
What could I do in the face of it,
That thing that gives the best a fit?

Sunny days weren't meant to stay inside;
They're given to enjoy the sun and ride,
Not to sit in school and study math;
They're to quiet your pain, and calm your
wrath.

"May I have a sick-slip, please?" I said,
Knowing all the time my face was red.
I got it but my heart held a doubt—
Others have done it, but you may be found out!

I got in my car and stepped on the gas!
(Oh gosh, if you're found out, alas!)
Do you think I enjoyed my drive that day?
No sir! Not again will I go that way.

Exchange Photographs

with your classmates. It's a graceful way of acknowledging friendships—of keeping school memories fresh.

Phone 2155 for an appointment.

Louise Studios

104-A N. Sycamore Street

THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN YOUR CITY

"The Old Reliable"

Petersburg Furniture Company

Incorporated

"Home Furnishers"

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD

A. J. Winfield, Mgr.

100 N. Sycamore St. Phone 223

GIFTS

JEWELRY, CHINA
WEDDING INVITATIONS,
ANNOUNCEMENTS and
VISITING CARDS

C. F. Lauterbach's Sons

Jewelers and Silversmiths

Established 1877

We Fix Punctures

SYCAMORE STREET SERVICE STATION

19 S. Sycamore St. Phone 918

Compliments of

W. P. Johnson

—o—

WHEN YOU THINK OF REAL ESTATE THINK OF ME

Phone 3035

Right Fashions First—
Sound Values Always . . . .

Always Something New at

ROSENSTOCK'S

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

GAS

always at your service

NIGHT AND DAY

—o—

Use it, but do not waste it

Phone 1657-W

Sollod's Clothing Shop

"Solid Built Clothes"

For Men and Boys

Always the Newest in Haberdashery

220 N. SYCAMORE STREET

Service Quality

Dependability

Petersburg Builders' Supply Co., Inc.

When You Build Your Home Build It In Quality

Phone 783 Market Street

Fisk Tires **Willard Batteries**

Triangle Super-Service Co.

All Night Service

PHONE 36

Washing **Greasing**

Petersburg, Virginia

Diamonds Watches

Fine Repairing

H. P. Dalton

Jeweler and Watchmaker

135 North Sycamore Street

Phone 441-J

Jewelry Silverware

TEXACO

New and Better Gasoline—A High-Test Gasoline at No Additional Cost

FULL BODIED, CLEAN, CLEAR GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

IT FLOWS AT ZERO

The Texas Company, U. S. A.

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

The Corley Company

"A SAFE PLACE TO BUY"

Pianos—ORTHOPHONIC VICTROLAS—Radios or Anything Musical

129 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

W. C. Jones

Clothing Company, Inc.

—o—

Clothing -:- Hats

Furnishings

Model Laundry

—o—

48 S. UNION STREET

Phone 241

—o—

WILLIAMSON BROS. & CO., Inc.

A Gift from ROGERS is a Gift Worth While

—o—

Diploma Framing a Specialty

Paul Rogers

105 N. Sycamore St.

Compliments

of

W. Grossmann & Son

"The Seedsmen"

—o—

PHONE 471

We Buy Standard Timber and All Kinds of Lumber

Also manufacturers and wholesale dealers in

VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA YELLOW PINE, GUM, POPLAR, OAK AND HICKORY

Roper Bros. Lumber Company, Inc.

Mill and Assembling Yard: Petersburg, Va.

Philip R. Roper, Pres. and Treas. Paul Roper, Secretary

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

LUNCH SODA

The
Palms Luncheonette

Faultless Ice Cream

CANDY CIGARS

Whitman's, Johnson's, Hollingsworth and Martha Washington CANDIES

Bowman's Pharmacy

C. Powell Lum, Prop.

Bank and Market Streets

—o—

Prescriptions Called for and Delivered

—o—

PHONE 289

The National Bank *of* Petersburg

Organized 1886

—o—

The Oldest National Bank in Southside Virginia

—o—

We Invite Teachers and Students to Deposit With Us

Commercial and Savings Accounts Solicited

Chas. E. Plummer, President
W. D. Franklin, Vice-President
E. H. Beasley, Cashier
S. I. Bragg, Asst. Cashier
F. H. Plummer, Asst. Cashier

Use it everywhere

"61" Enamel dries in four hours. Use it for furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum and all wood and metal work. Made in 14 colors and black and white.

—o—

Joyner Hardware Company

18 NORTH SYCAMORE ST.

WHY PAY MORE?

See us—we can save you money.
Suits and Top Coats from
$20.00 to $35.00

—o—

Jordan & Moore

12 North Sycamore St.

Nash **Packard**

—o—

Before Buying See

"Pat"

M. P. Peebles, Jr.

—o—

Petersburg, Va. Phone 406

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

ICE CREAM "Made Fresh Every Day" SODA

Compliments of

Seward Trunk and Bag Company

Figure this one

A deposited in the Building and Loan $1.00 each week for 13 years and drew out $1,000. What rate of interest did he get?

Petersburg Mutual Building and Loan Asso., Inc.

Compliments of

Gerald Motor Co.

H. Gerald Saal

—o—

Oldsmobile

"The Fine Car of Low Price"

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

The Petersburg High School Students are to be congratulated on their efforts to improve their publications. The Progress-Index joins a proud community in wishing the Students much success in their scholastic life and in their careers. We are proud to publish the "School Weekly News" for the students of P. H. S. Watch for it in the Progress-Index every week.

Reach

Basketball, Football, Baseball and Tennis Rackets

—o—

Golf Supplies

We will be glad to supply any of your athletic needs

—o—

Chas. Leonard Hardware Co., Inc.

W. Bank St. Phones 2300-2301

BLUEBIRD

The Home of

VITAPHONE-MOVIETONE

Talking Pictures

—o—

First Run Pictures at Popular Prices

—o—

MUSIC ON THE BIG WURLITZER ORGAN

Open 1:00 P. M. to 11:00 P. M.

Compliments of

The Virginia National Bank

——o——

Capital, $1,000,000.00
Surplus, $250,000.00

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

Holt's Jewelry Store

(Petersburg's Gruen Watch Agency)
P. H. S. Rings and Pins Always in Stock
Fountain Pens Repaired and Repointed While You Wait

Mark E. Holt

Jeweler

218 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

T. S. Beckwith & Co.

ENGRAVING
Books, Stationery and Office Supplies

Visiting Cards, Announcements, Crests, Wedding Invitations, Monograms Engraved in the Latest Styles

Globe Department Store

Ready-to-Wear

Petersburg Savings & American Trust Co.

"The Oldest Bank in the Oldest State in the United States"

Capital and Surplus, $1,000,000.00

—o—

ESTABLISHED 1860

D. D. Adkins

Smart Shoes for Young People

—o—

Foot-Friend Shoes for Ladies

BUSTER BROWN SHOES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

Compliments

LAVENSTEIN'S

"In the Heart of Petersburg"

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

Compliments of

Dixie Sand and Gravel Company

"Reasonable" "Seasonable"

For Smartest and Newest Creations in

Footwear

J. Reinach & Sons

SHOES THAT SATISFY

"HOSIERY TOO" Phone 277

Randolph-Macon College

FOR MEN

1830 Ashland, Va. 1930

Prepares men for the study of Law, Medicine, Applied Science and the Ministry.
Confers degrees B. S. and A. B.
Strong faculty. All students, especially first-year men, given personal attention by full professors.
For particulars apply to

R. E. BLACKWELL, A. M., L. L. D.
President
S. C. HATCHER, D. D.
Vice-Pres., and Sec'y-Treas.

Burns & Campbell

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Artistic Memorials

in

GRANITE MARBLE and BRONZE

—o—

Phone 519 Petersburg, Va.

Real Estate

AT AUCTION
GENERAL BROKERAGE
REAL ESTATE

SUBDIVISION SPECIALISTS — A COMPLETE AUCTION SERVICE

ATLANTIC COAST REALTY COMPANY

EXECUTIVE OFFICE PETERSBURG VIRGINIA — HOME OFFICE WINSTON SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

Petersburg, Va. Hopewell, Va.

Jordan and Howerton, Inc.

Jewelers

"THE WEDDING RING STORE"

Exclusive Agency for the Famous Ollendorff Watches

10 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

Why not carry it home?

"Sorry, I'll have to miss the ride, but there's no one at home and I'm expecting a package."

The Wise Shopper carries her purchase home and no one has to stay in—it is there when she wants it, and, best of all, she saves money by doing it.

J. C. Penney Company

It is a pleasure to die or even get married if the

Flowers

are furnished by

Mrs. Robt. B. Stiles

FLORIST

1202 West Washington Street

Phone 910

Style for

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Ready-to-Wear and Millinery

AT REASONABLE PRICES

Max Tobias

Our Prices the Lowest

PHONE 1845

Eigenbrun Bros

The Home of Fine Clothing

for

Boys, Young Men and Men

—o—

WE SELL QUALITY, NOT PRICE

Compliments of

Rainey

Luggage Corporation

"The Peerless Line"

PETERSBURG, VA.

Everything in Luggage

Whatever you are by nature

keep to it; never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing. —Sydney Smith.

THIS IS GOOD ADVICE; FOLLOW IT

Chamber of Commerce of Petersburg, Va.,

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

Our Specialty: HIGH SCHOOL SUITS with two pairs pants

$25.00 $30.00 $35.00

—o—

Young-Harrison & Company

NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

Balderston's

103 N. Sycamore Street

Phone 133

—o—

Ladies' Apparel of Pronounced Style

—o—

All Goods Guaranteed as Represented

PHONE 857

—o—

H. Wice

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

—o—

126 N. SYCAMORE STREET

PETERSBURG, VA.

SAVE with SAFETY

At Your Rexall Drug Store

Wm. H. Frey, Inc.

Prescription Druggist

WASHINGTON STREET

Corner Dunlop

—o—

Member Community Drug Stores

E. B. Moore

for

Modern Homes on South Sycamore Street

PHONE 1067

201 UNION TRUST BLDG.

Lynchburg College....

SENIOR COLLEGE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Member in Southern Association of Colleges

Rates Reasonable

J. T. T. Hundley, President LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

PETERSBURG MOTOR COMPANY

Authorized Dealers

LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

CARS—TRUCKS—TRACTORS

30 S. Sycamore Street Phones: Sales, 873; Parts, 874; Shop, 812

PHONE 704

Southern Coal Co.

Dependable Coal

We Handle the Best Coal Mined

Office: Lawrence and Perry Streets

"HART OIL BURNERS"

A. & P. Bakery

Andrews & Pritchett, Props.

FAMILY BREAD, BISCUITS and ROLLS, VIENNA and RYE

Cakes and Pies of all Kinds

PHONE 564

35 South Sycamore Street

Harlow-Hardy Co.

Furniture

—o—

STOVES
FLOOR COVERINGS, Etc.

—o—

5 South Sycamore Street

Phone 919

Standard-James Shoe Company

—o—

"For Better Shoes"

—o—

124 N. SYCAMORE STREET

"THE HOME OF BETTER EYESIGHT"

———o———

C. B. Smith Optical Company

Dr. E. C. Ellis, Optometrist

8 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

PHONE 2419

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE

Compliments of

The Virginia Trunk and Bag Company

Seaboard Salvage Company

—o—

Buyers of

Metal, Rags, Rubber Iron and Steel Scrap

—o—

203 NORTH MARKET STREET

PHONE 17

—o—

J. R. Gresham R. S. Ware

Flowers

A. G. Smith & Sons FLORISTS.

PHONE 11

For fine

Footwear

go to

C. B. Nunnally Shoe Company

"Where Shoes Are Fitted"

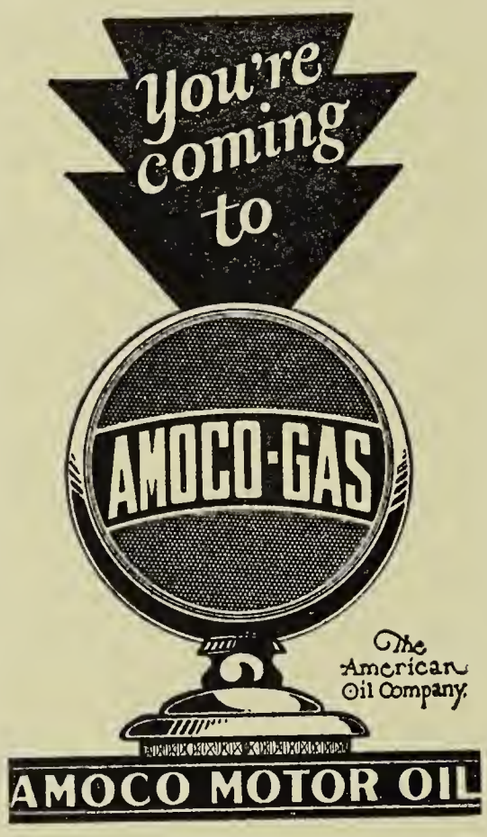
IT PAYS TO SHOP

at

RUCKER'S

"A Petersburg Institution"

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE



THIS "MISSILE"

was produced complete in Petersburg in our plant, which is equipped with a typesetting machine and all other modern printing machinery.

—o—

VIRGINIA PRINTING CO., Inc.
22-24 E. Bank Street
Phone 67

"No job too large or too small"

The
WHITE SCHOOL
of
BUSINESS
Petersburg, Va.

Our Advertisers are friends to the School.

Let's be friends to the Advertisers.

HARLOW-WILLCOX & COMPANY, FURNITURE